



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013



# MICROCOSM

VOLUME VII — NUMBER 1

Copiah-Lincoln Junior College

Wesson, Mississippi

Ken  
ex

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## Poetry

Definition .....	3
Grown-Up World .....	4
Seasons .....	4
Once Again.....	4
The Hound Dog .....	5
As A Small Child.....	5
Epitaph .....	5
Rain .....	7
Autumn's Last Stand .....	7
Isn't It Always Love .....	8
Traveler .....	8

## Short Fiction

Snow Black and The Seven Coonies .....	10
Who Was John Ed? .....	11

## Formal Essay

A View of Miss Emily .....	14
Love Needs Tending .....	15

## Narratives

The Last Of Its Kind .....	16
Madonna .....	18



## Definition

Love

Is just a  
four-letter word.

Love?

Why, it's, it's . . .  
What?

Love!

A burning, passionate  
need for that . . . something  
Just a smile.

Love,

A grandmother holding her  
first  
Grandchild.

Love,

Quiet, peace. An old  
Man touching the face  
of his wife as the  
Coffin  
is closed.

Love,

A single tear  
off his wrinkled cheek.



Sharon Smith

## ***Grown-Up World***

A child was born in the world today,  
Too tiny to run, too young to play.  
His blissful mother looked down with pride,  
At the infant child lying by her side.

The babe had no thoughts as he slept that night,  
Of the things he would learn in the morning light.  
Sleeping peacefully with fingers curled,  
He was an infant child in a grown-up world.

Patti Jean Page

## ***Seasons***

The leaves . . .

Falling, falling, falling down,  
Tumbling, tumbling, tumbling, .

Endlessly to the ground.

The trees . . .

Shedding golden brown,  
Giving the feel of fall.

Naked by the month of December  
To return with the winds of March.

Tony Smith

## ***Once Again***

I was all alone that night  
That indelible night in my life,  
When we were together again.

And once again we danced  
To the familiar notes we pranced  
To songs we once had shared  
When we realized we both still cared.

And once again it was time to part  
With promises of what we must do  
But this time we did not lie.

Claire Aldridge

## ***The Hound Dog***

There is nothin' sweeter  
than a hounddog's song  
Rollin' through the night  
however long.  
The far off bawl of a hound  
to me  
Is even more beautiful  
when he nails the tree.

He's hammerin' away,  
blowin' the top,  
My heart races faster;  
I cannot stop.  
As I come to the tree  
where he's singin' his song,  
I think to myself:  
it won't be long.

He's singin' the song  
a man likes to hear,  
There is nothin' sweeter  
to a hound man's ear.

David Bass

## ***As A Small Child***

Excitingly,  
I chased you,  
as a small child chases  
a multi-colored butterfly.

Triumphantly,  
I caught you,  
as a small child catches  
a reluctant butterfly.

With an amateur heart  
I smothered you with affection,  
as a small child stifles  
a butterfly needing air.

With deep regret  
I let you go  
to fly away and find happiness,  
as a small child releases  
a thankful butterfly.

Margaret Fleming

## ***Epitaph***

Today I watched a kitten play.  
It seemed to take my thoughts away  
To another time and place  
When I had watched the still, silent face,

The face of a precious Tabby dear,  
Who never had the time to fear.

As Tabby breathed his final breath,  
I watched the dogs retreating calmly, slowly.

Cindy Davis





## ***Rain***

It is late

All the others are now asleep  
And I am left alone.

The house has grown quiet;  
Sounds of my family have gone away.  
All that is left are sounds around the house,  
Sounds of late at night.

Outside, rain is falling  
With a steady rhythm upon the roof.  
It is a peaceful rain, a quiet shower,  
A shower renewing the earth.

Lightning flashes briefly  
Illuminating the pitch black sky.  
The thunder rumbles in the distance;  
Then slowly begins to die.

A car passes by hurriedly  
To an unknown destination.  
It is late to be out —  
I wonder where he has been?

The grandfather clock strikes eleven  
Telling me it is late.  
The house has grown quiet,  
A house filled with love.

The rain slows up as it begins to end;  
The thunder grows more and more distant  
Inside I still feel warmth and love and peace.

Tommy Ashley

## ***Autumn's Last Stand***

It's quiet now  
And all about me begins preparing for winter.  
The birds, not long ago singing loudly  
Are now but few, waiting for cold to enter.

Trees, once resplendent in color  
Green, gold, and red, of every hue,  
Turning silently to a dull brown  
As each year they invariably do.

The sky's once deep blue  
Gone, surrendering to clouds of grey,  
Then to night; waits tirelessly,  
Longing to try tomorrow's day.

And even the people —  
Still reminiscing of summer's last swim,  
Start slowing down, realizing  
Winter is just around the bend.

All of these signs  
Trickling in, invading my thoughts, my eyes,  
Help me remember that life and time,  
However seemingly long, still flies.

Bishop

## ***Isn't It Always Love***

Why do I feel like I do?

I have the sun, the moon, and the stars at my feet  
Because of her.

Because of her, I should feel content; I don't.

I should be happy; I'm not.

I should want nothing more, but I do.

She is enough for two men, but not enough for me.

I really shouldn't ask for more, but I am.  
Why? Why? Why?

There is someone else.

She is not as pretty, not as smart, not as anything.

She doesn't compare, but still, she is there.

She loves me. I wonder?

She sees only me. Yes!

I am the one and only one in her eyes.

Is this what I want? I think so.

Of the first, I said she is enough for two men.

Maybe that's the problem.

"Isn't it always love that makes you hang your head.

And isn't it always love that makes you cry.

Isn't it always love that takes the tears away.

And you wouldn't have it any other way." — Karla Bonoff

Hugh Bush

## ***Traveler***

Endless hours I spend

Traveling.

The heavy, dark sky bears down

Trying to hold me back.

The eternal road slaps my face,

But still I fight.

I can feel the moon staring down,

Causing my eyes to tire.

Yet, by knowing what's ahead,

I pull on.

It's waiting there, calling.

Further I drive and can feel the change.

The star-lit sky winks encouragement

And offers a helping hand,

While a lonely highway gently pushes me along.

I'm drawing near.

Moonbeams fall softly upon my head

Clearly reminding of what's in front of me.

Time passes swiftly, and I find myself at the end.

The journey's over. I'm home.

Jerry Redd



## ***Snow Black And The Seven Coonies***

Wonce upon a time dare wuz a beautiful coony girl named Snow Black. She had a dark complexion and beautiful dark brown eyes that sparkled in the night lights. But across A-Bear Street lived Taunt Marie. She was a mean ole Cajun and wanted to win the title of best-looking girl on da street. Da title wuz Miss A-Bear of 1979. Her only competition wuz Snow Black, and she needed a way to get rid of her and out of da competition by dat coming Saturday or she wood lose.

So dat Tuesday she went ovar to Snow Black's house, and axed her if she wood take a ride to Gaydon wit her. Well, Snow Black agreed, hopped into da car, and drove off.

Day drove and drove until day were way out in da marsh and Taunt Marie stopped da car. Day got out, stretch dare legs, and Taunt Marie jumped back into da car and left Snow Black twenty miles in da marsh. She sat on a tree stump and cried til her eyes turned red. When she lifted her hed, she saw some berries in da bushes nearby. Da longer she looked at doze berries da more hungary she got. She walked ovar and picked a hand full and walked back to da stump. She sat down and started eating dem. Da more she ate, da more her stomach wood hurt. She den keeled ovar and died.

On da udda side of da marsh, walking in a single file were seven little coonies. First in line wuz Nonck Codenn, next wuz Papa Monwell, den dare wuz Tetut. Tagging behind him wuz Cuzin Boudreaux, and next in line wuz La Salle; behind him wuz Bonin, and last but not least wuz Noyo. All of a sudden day came upon Snow Black. Day all stopped and gazed for five minutes. Den Nonck Codenn said, "Quoi tae fadt bogue?!" ("What is dat, boys?!") Papa Monwell got all shook up and said, "Man, dat da most beautiful girl I evar seen, man." Noyo had said dat someone had betta wake her before she wood catch a cold. Tetut put his hand on her neck and said, "Man, I tink she is dead, man."

Down da road a mile or so da seven little coonies herd a motor vehicle coming down da road. When it got closer Boudreaux said, "Man, look at dat. A Mississippi Redneck all dressed up in a tuxedo." When he got close to da seven coonies he pulled ovar and stopped. He axed da seven coonies why day were standing in a circle on da side of da road. Bonin told him dat a beautiful girl wuz laying next to a tree stump and wood not move or even breede.

Da stump-jumping Redneck told the coonies dat she wuz so beautiful dat he had to kiss her before he left. So he jumped ovar da stump, knelt down beside her, and pressed his lips against hers. When he did dis, her eyes opened slightly and she spoke deese three short words very softly coming from her lips, "Mon tete fae malde." ("My head hurts.") She also axed if day had any aspirin. All of da coonies hollered and cheered dare lungs out for dat River-Ratted Stump-Jumpin Redneck.

Well, day maid it back to town dat nite, and two days later da contest was held. To Taunt Marie's surprise Snow Black wuz dare and won da Miss A-Bear Award. She later road off into da marsh sunset wit da Redneck and lived happily evar after.

Kevin Dartez



## **Who Was John Ed?**

Most of my childhood was spent in the home of my maternal grandparents. I was to hear the name John Ed spoken many times in hushed tones. Since children were seen and not heard, I knew better than to ask who was John Ed. I was fascinated and spent many hours trying to solve this mystery.

One day my grandmother received a phone call. I saw her motion to my grandfather and watched them go into the parlor and close the door. My curiosity was aroused since the parlor was only used for company and special occasions. Silently, I tiptoed to the door and listened to their muted voices. Straining to catch every word, I heard my grandmother say, "Tom, that call was about John Ed. He will be coming in tonight on Number Two and get off the train at the trestle. I must let Jim know right away. I don't dare use the telephone again as it might arouse Central's suspicion and the whole town will know. Put on your hat and walk over to Jim's and give him the message."

I didn't wait to hear my grandfather's reply for fear of being caught eavesdropping on my elders, as this was grown-up talk and not meant for the ears of children. I could feel my heart pounding as I pondered on what the consequences would be if I should be caught. I was excited and exhilarated because I had dared to do something I shouldn't.

I crept away from the door as quickly as possible and went to my secret hiding place under the stairwell in the hall to give some thought to what I had just heard. This was my first thread to unravel towards solving the mystery. Who was John Ed and why would he be getting off the train at the trestle? What was the connection between John Ed and my grandmother's brother Jim? I soon tired of the puzzle and went out to play.

In this small Mississippi town, the railroad ran down the middle of main street. On one side was the business district which faced the railroad tracks. On the other side were tree-lined streets and homes with picket fences. Uncle Jim owned the ugliest house in town which I could never quite understand, considering he was the richest man in our county. It was painted a bilious yellow and was enough to turn one's stomach inside out. The gallery ran around three sides of the house. He spent most of his time sitting out on the gallery facing the town as he liked to keep an eye out on the comings and goings of the townsfolk. His wife had long since passed away.

Uncle Jim was the father of three sons. The youngest had left home and little was heard of him. The other two still lived at home. Percy, the middle son, was looked upon as a "man about town." He was considered a good catch by most of the mothers of marriageable-aged daughters. He possessed a fine singing voice and sang with the local quartet.

The eldest son, whom we called Little Henry as he had been named for his Uncle Henry, lived there with his wife Eula and daughter Thelma who was my age. Most folks wondered why Little Henry, with his good looks ever married a homely woman like Eula. Some believed it was because he had gotten her in the family way, while others speculated it was because a woman was needed in the household as a live-in maid. The two were never seen together outside the house. Her days were spent washing, ironing, cooking, and seeing after Uncle Jim. My grandmother always spoke well of Eula and said she was a good woman. Because of Eula, Little Henry hoped that some day, he would be the one to inherit most from his father's will.

None of Uncle Jim's sons was ever known to hit a lick of work. I often heard my grandmother remark about how Uncle Jim had raised his sons to lead a "do nothing life." She would say, "Mark my words, Tom! Some day those boys are



going to run through Jim's money and come to a bad end." Little did my grandmother realize how prophetic her words were to be.

Several weeks went by before my grandmother received another mysterious telephone call. I clearly remember it as I was playing with my jacks near the hall telephone when the call came. Grandmother answered the telephone and holding the receiver in her hand said, "Sarah, you are making too much noise; play some where else." My instincts told me this call had something to do with John Ed. As soon as Grandmother hung up the receiver, she went to look for Grandfather. I knew my hunch was right. The whispered conversation between them was almost word for word the same as the first call. Who was John Ed and why all the hush-hush?

I went outside to swing but thoughts of John Ed kept racing through my mind. Should I satisfy my curiosity and slip off down to the trestle after dark? I could hardly contain myself at the supper table for thinking about it. I hurriedly ate a few bites and asked, "May I be excused from the table, please?" My grandmother looked over at my half finished plate and replied, "No, Partheeny, not until you have cleaned your plate." Partheeny was a pet name my grandparents had bestowed on me and which I detested. I hurriedly finished eating and was granted permission to leave the table. I was going to have to include my brother in my plans but I had no intention of sharing my John Ed secret.

Bedtime for my brother and me was 8 o'clock. We put on our sleepers and kissed our grandparents goodnight as usual. Number Two was due in town at 9:12 p.m. This should give us enough time to put our clothes back on and slip down to the trestle. I swore my brother to secrecy and made him "cross his heart and hope to die" if he told.

Walking through the woods at night was an eerie experience. The nocturnal sounds were punctuated by the croaking of frogs. Each time I heard a strange noise, I jumped with fright. I was almost tempted to turn back but my curiosity goaded me on. It was as if I had a mission to fulfill.

We reached the trestle and found a place to hide underneath. Only a few minutes passed before we heard Number Two's shrill whistle piercing the night air. As it thundered across the trestle, the noise was deafening and I wondered if I would ever be able to hear again. When the train cleared the upper end, it slowed and we saw a young man get off. He stood there in the semi-darkness looking expectantly toward the road. I whispered to my brother, "Sh,sh, we are going to have to keep out of sight. Stay down until I tell you to get up."

I had no sooner gotten the words out of my mouth when I heard tires crunching on the gravel. It was Uncle Jim. I watched him climb down from his buggy and walk toward the trestle. The two men held out their hands and patted each other on the back. The young man was slim and handsome. So this was John Ed.

I heard Uncle Jim say, "Everything has been taken care of. The arrangements have all been made." I had seen what I came for and motioned to my brother for us to leave. We hurried home and slipped back into bed. I was elated because I had seen John Ed.

The following week, a strange man appeared at the door asking if that was the Heflin residence. My grandmother said, "Yes."

The strange man said, "My name is Ferguson, Ma'm, I was told to pick up a package."

She replied, "Yes, we have been expecting you. Come in and I will get my husband." I watched her go out back to where Grandfather was resting. "Tom, Mr. Ferguson is here."

Pa got up and went into the back bedroom and came out and followed her up the hall where the strange man was waiting. I saw the man hand Pa a piece of

white paper. He glanced at it briefly and handed over a brown package. He bade them good day and left. Who was this stranger and what was in the package?

It was when Uncle Jim came to call on my grandparents, that I finally learned who John Ed was. As they seated themselves out on the front gallery, I stationed myself inside the front hall where I could listen.

I heard Uncle Jim say, "Virgie, I want you and Tom to know that all went well and John Ed is safe. They put him on a banana boat sailing out of New Orleans for South America. I don't expect to lay eyes on my boy again, but I had to do it for his sake. That boy was the apple of my eye. It has cost me a small fortune but I couldn't rest until I got him out of that stinking hole. I want to thank you and Tom as you were the only ones I could trust."

My grandmother replied, "Well, Jim, blood is thicker than water when it comes right down to it." My grandfather spoke up and said, "I am glad it's over for your sake, Jim, as well as for John Ed's. Even though mine and Virgie's children turned out to be girls, I can sympathize and understand what you have been put through."

Although, I had found out who John Ed was, it was to be some time before I had the whole story. It seems that John Ed had killed a man in a poker game and had been sentenced to life in the penitentiary. Uncle Jim's money and influence had saved him from the gallows and had also enabled John Ed to make his secret visits to the trestle.

My grandparents' role had been to act as a go-between as there was never any direct involvement between the officials and Uncle Jim. Over a period of time, Uncle Jim had drawn out sums of money for my grandfather to hold against the day to buy John Ed's freedom. To cover up, it was reported officially that John Ed had escaped.

A few years later, I attended Uncle Jim's funeral. As I looked down on his sad and grief-laden face, my thoughts wandered back to the night at the trestle and the slim, handsome young man. I glanced over at Little Henry and Percy who were holding their composure but homely Eula broke down and wept. She had cared for Uncle Jim so tenderly during his last years.

When the will was read, Little Henry did inherit the largest share of the estate. He and Eula continued to live in the big, ugly house as Eula "put her foot down" and refused to move. Percy married the mayor's daughter and moved to Jackson. And there was no mention of John Ed in Uncle Jim's will.

Kathryn Newby

## ***A View Of Miss Emily***

Even though the classical tragedy and the short story are centuries apart in their development, many short story writers employ characteristics of a tragic hero into their works to show a catastrophic downfall of a person of high estate. In "A Rose For Emily," William Faulkner portrays Emily Grierson as a heroic woman who lets her tragic flaw bring about her downfall and death.

Miss Emily is a woman of high estate. Her father was extremely rich — having loaned the town itself money during the reconstruction era in order to survive. But even more than this, Miss Emily was a Grierson — a name which was revered by all the citizens of Jefferson, Mississippi, for its leadership and prestige.

Even though Miss Emily has a good name and a good house, she still has complications in her life. Because of her excessive pride, or as the Greeks called it "hubris," she removes herself from the reality of the changing South and her crumbling "empire." Miss Emily refuses to pay any taxes because of her father's generosity and she completely ignores the "common folk" who come to extract this money from her. When her father dies, she refuses to have him buried because a Grierson never dies — he is like the immortal gods of Mount Olympus.

And finally like Helen of Troy, Miss Emily believes she can have any man she wants and that all men want her. This belief has been fostered by her father who turned all the suitors from her door because she was too good for them. When she is jilted by Homer Barron, she reacts with all the anger of Jove himself and unleashes her "thunderbolts" in a bottle of poison, thus punishing those who refuse to worship the gods.

All through the story, Faulkner shows the "decline and fall" of a person of high estate. Miss Emily begins to fall by removing herself from reality and further when she lowers herself to cohabit with a common, trashy "yankee." Her final fall comes with her becoming a murderess, but because she is a "goddess," she believes that death is justified and serves only as punishment for Homer — and not just a reward for her. William Faulkner blends the old with the new, both in form and subject matter in "A Rose For Emily," and thus shows how a person even today can let some "tragic flaw" pull him down from his pedestal. Miss Emily Grierson has all the power of Helen of Troy, the determination of Antigone, plus the ruthlessness of Medea.

Johnny Johnson



## ***Love Needs Tending***

A symbol is made by taking an object and affixing to it a certain meaning or feeling. For instance, a United States flag is a symbol of patriotism and unity. John Steinbeck uses a chrysanthemum as a symbol in "The Chrysanthemums." He also uses symbols in the plot, setting, and in the characters.

In this story, the Allens live out in the country, secluded from the rest of the world. The opening sentences imply this: "The high grey-flannel fog of winter closed off the Salinas Valley from the sky and from all the rest of the world. On every side it sat like a lid on the mountains and made of the great valley a closed pot."

The wire fence around Elisa Allen's flower garden symbolizes a barrier between her and her husband. He lives in his world of cattle life, and Elisa lives in a world of flowers. He had come near quietly, and he leaned over the wire fence that protected her flower garden from cattle and dogs and chickens. Later on in the story Elisa comes out in front of her garden when the tinker is leaving.

"The grey-flannel fog," "yellow stubble fields," "pale cold sunshine," and the "thick willow scrub . . . flamed with sharp and positive yellow leaves," all seem to symbolize the process of dying which comes in fall. The farmers were expecting rain; rain is a symbol of bringing life, but the story says, "fog and rain do not go together," meaning life does not come when you are dying; then comes death.

The fact that love needs tending is the theme of "The Chrysanthemums." The chrysanthemum symbolizes Elisa, but she is untended. Her love is dying because Henry is not acknowledging her as a woman. Because of this she dresses herself as a worker. She wears a gardening costume, a man's black hat, clod-hopper shoes, and heavy leather gloves. Henry treats her like a worker, not a woman. "Some of those yellow chrysanthemums you had this year were ten inches across. I wish you'd work out in the orchard and raise some apples that big."

When the tinker comes along, he gives Elisa an outlet to blossom. He takes an interest in her flowers. "What's them plants, ma'am?" She finds her outlet when he tells her, "Look, I know a lady down the road a piece, has got the nicest garden you ever seen." Then later, "I s'pose I can't take none to her, then." Elisa, eager to come out of her shell, cries, "Why, yes you can!" As she gives him instructions on how to care for them, she tells him they are beautiful and she becomes beautiful herself. She takes off her gloves and her hat, shaking out her hair.

When Elisa is ready to go out to eat with Henry, she waits for him on the porch; he comes and says, "Why, why, Elisa. You look so nice"; he says she looks "strong enough to break a calf over her knee, happy enough to eat it like a watermelon." This is not exactly the answer Elisa is looking for.

As Henry and Elisa drive to town, Elisa sees a tiny speck on the road. It is the chrysanthemums she gave to the tinker. Elisa becomes as she was before: an untended flower.

Betty Wooten

## ***The Last Of Its Kind***

It was to be the only night-time liftoff ever for a Saturn V rocket Apollo XVII Manned Moon Mission — since the beginning of the Saturn V rocket moon projects. Surely it would be the most spectacular display of any firework since the volcanic explosion of Krackatoa near the isle of Java. I was thirteen at the time; hardly of the age to acquire a vivid memory, much less keep a diary of my experiences. And this was to be the most extraordinary event of the year, not to mention of my life.

We were on a vacation trip, my mother, my father, and I, to visit my sister. She was living in Cocoa Beach, Florida, with her husband, who at the time was stationed there in the Air Force. My father had said something about planning our arrival in Florida to coincide with the Apollo liftoff, which was to be the last manned moon mission. I paid little heed to this event. I was more interested in getting to Florida and spending the money I had on all kinds of shiny, plastic, made in Japan splendors. As for the beach and the liftoff — they would come later.

Our stay in Florida was to last approximately one week; visiting relatives, going to the beach, and shopping would be our main activities. I was rather excited, not having been to Florida before — land of oranges, sun, fortune and fun. The highlight of the vacation so far was my new race car which I purchased in one of the enormous department stores.

Talk about the liftoff throughout the week seemed like casual conversation not worth my attention. I concluded that seeing the actual liftoff itself would have to convince me of the significance of the event. Afterwards we went to the missile show building and saw the Titan II missile, which was capable of reaching the outer limits of the atmospheric belt. I think my father wanted us to get in the frame of mind that would prepare us for the liftoff.

Our vacation was ending, but we would see the liftoff that last night. Mentally preparing myself for the liftoff was no special problem because I had never before witnessed such an event. Visions of past liftoffs on television passed through my mind, only to be blocked out by the excitement of seeing the real thing. But as we drove to the launch sight, I thought mostly of such trivial things like eating my favorite foods and wanting to play with my new race car.

The closest we could get to the liftoff site was six miles out on some waterway road where the people were flocking to witness the event. There were cars parked for miles up and down the streets and bridges off the watery area near the cape. Binoculars and telescopes were scattered out all among the crowd. People seemed to be aimlessly talking the night away. Amid all of the people and confusion I could see the white, shimmering figure of the Saturn V without the aid of scopes. Though distance usually limits size, the massive height and awesome size of the Saturn V rocket seemed to evade the laws of sight and space.

It was to lift off within the hour. The greatest fireball of the year was to project three of our own humankind into some distant limitless abyss known only to heavenly beings. I could only imagine what it would be like to sit up there inside of the capsule, waiting to be propelled into a journey of untold of adventure. I was ready for the liftoff after having focused the binoculars to my own imperfect vision.

The rocket was to lift off very soon. I could relay the countdown through the radio. All eyes were on the launch pad as the countdown declined. Precise



focusing of all optical instruments was being insured as the one minute mark approached. At this moment the crowd was almost completely silent. Steam rushed from the rocket's sides with majestic dominance. Though I could not hear the noise of the rocket's last preparations, I could feel it as if we were only one hundred feet away. The last ten seconds felt like a period frozen in time. We all heard that familiar television sound of "liftoff, we have liftoff."

As the flames of the engines increased in size, it seemed as though the whole rocket was about to blow up. But as I watched the flames and smoke rush out from under the oversized rocket engines, I could not help imagining what it must be like to see God, mighty and fear-inspiring in His heavenly abode. I could not hear the rocket but could only see it. It bothered me and I wondered if I had gone deaf. But I soon realized that it takes time for sound to travel over six miles of ground.

When the thunderous sound of the rocket engines finally reached my ears I got a better glimpse of what it must have been like to see Krackatoa exploding in all its mighty glory. I would have to say that it felt like a small earthquake tremor. The rocket proceeded to rise into the still night sky resembling a meteor or comet. It diminished into a small spot of light that by now the scopes and binoculars could not make out. The rocket itself did not disappear but opened up a whole new world in front of me. Though the spacecraft was no more to be seen, I could now see the glimmering starlight and faint planets that the three men in the rocket were no doubt also peering at. Suddenly forgetting about the rocket, I had the amazing feeling that the heavens held more wondrous spectacles to behold.

Don Hardy



## **Madonna**

I walked up to the window and for the first time, I saw her. She wasn't very cute, but that didn't matter. She kept her tongue out too much, but really, that just made her a little funny. Her hair was very black and thick and she had big eyes that made her look all the more innocent as if she were trying to take it all in at once — as if all of it was spectacular, almost unbelievable. But to her, it probably was fascinating, too good to be true, if that was what she was thinking about.

I looked over at her father and he was glowing with pride, as if he were saying, "Look, everyone, this is my daughter." She was in fact his first child and also the first born on either side of the family. We argued, jokingly, over which side of the family she favored, when actually she favored neither. We talked a little while longer and then decided to walk down the hall and check in on the mother of the little darling in the nursery. This time when I looked at my sister she seemed changed; a woman. Even when I walked outside, the fall air had a crisp, cleaner smell to it.

Before I had time to notice, we were through fall, then winter, and then finally came the day. I handed the test in, walked outside and made a beeline for my car. There was a sense of excitement in the air; school was out and summer was just beginning. At that moment I felt the same as Nick Caraway, that life begins all over again with the coming of summer. I was going to help my father and uncle as a carpenter's assistant that summer and the house we were building happened to be the house of my oldest sister, Madonna's mother, and so that was where I headed.

When I arrived, I went into the trailer and there she was. The black hair had disappeared and had become almost the same brown as her mother's hair, only a little lighter and if someone let his finger venture close to her mouth, it was attacked by a set of sharp teeth, as was any other object she managed to get her hands on. During the nine months after her birth she had grown a little chubby and the world of fascination had turned into a world with many things to plunder. It was clearly evident that this little darling of a girl, who was the only grandchild in the family, was going to be pampered too much. Everyone did his share of petting and getting her anything she seemed to want.

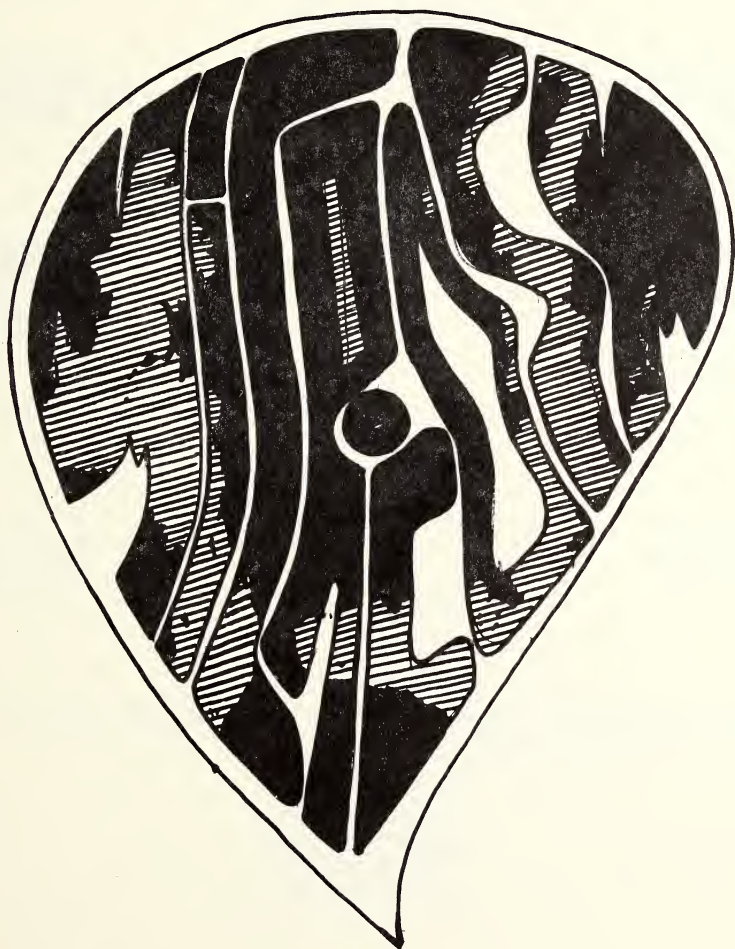
But the summer seemed to be over before it had started and soon I was into my senior year at high school. Before I knew it, graduation was over and soon college had started. It was then that both my sisters came to see us one day. My mother and sisters prepared a large dinner complete with fried chicken, crisp and golden brown, piled high on the platter. There were some garden fresh peas and beans, whole kernel corn and cornbread fresh out of the oven. All of this was topped off by pies baked a day earlier by my mother; one chocolate, one lemon; both with meringue fluffy white with touches of brown from being left in the oven just the right amount of time.

While my mother and sisters bustled around the overcrowded kitchen, the husband of my younger sister sat in the kitchen with them and made jokes about anything and everything they did. No one seemed to notice Madonna slipping into the dining room where the pies lay waiting for the main course to arrive. It was later evident that the meringue became too tempting for her to resist. When my oldest sister finally began taking part of the main course to the dining room, we heard a cry of half anger and half laughter from her. Everyone rushed into the dining room to discover the pies had been attacked by the probing fingers of my little niece. Over in a corner stood the little culprit with her hair in ponytails and a look of satisfaction on her face, licking the last sweet dabs of meringue left on the probing fingers. But the innocence of her age

overruled the guiltiness of her act and she remained the darling of all our hearts.

After everyone had left, I finally had some time to think about that precious little devil of an angel. I thought about what changes the past two years had brought about in her and the people she had affected. Then I wondered about what she would be like in the next two years or maybe five, ten, or even twenty years from now. But no matter how she turns out, she will always be the first-born of the family who looked so sweet and innocent on that autumn day when I first saw her through the window of the nursery.

Randy Dedon





## **MICROCOSM STAFF**

George Bishop

Editor

### **Sophomore Staff**

Cindy Davis  
Tammy Lyon

Sharon Smith  
Diana Schilling

### **Freshman Staff**

Tommy Ashley  
Margaret Fleming  
Randy Dedon

Don Hardy  
Patti Jean Page  
Don Oakes

Jerry Redd

## **ADMINISTRATION**

Billy B. Thames  
Durr Walker, Jr.  
B. F. Hunter  
Alton Ricks

President  
Chairman of Humanities  
Academic Dean  
Dean of Students

### **COVER DESIGN**

William R. Parks

### **ILLUSTRATORS**

Brian Howell  
Ed Thrush

Donna Mullen  
Terry Goetz

William R. Parks

## **NOTE OF THANKS**

We, the Microcosm Staff, would like to issue a special thanks to the following persons for their time and efforts.

Mrs. Jean James  
Mrs. Rhonda Ishee  
Mrs. Keith McDaniel  
Mr. Jim Kyzar  
Mr. Durr Walker, Jr.

